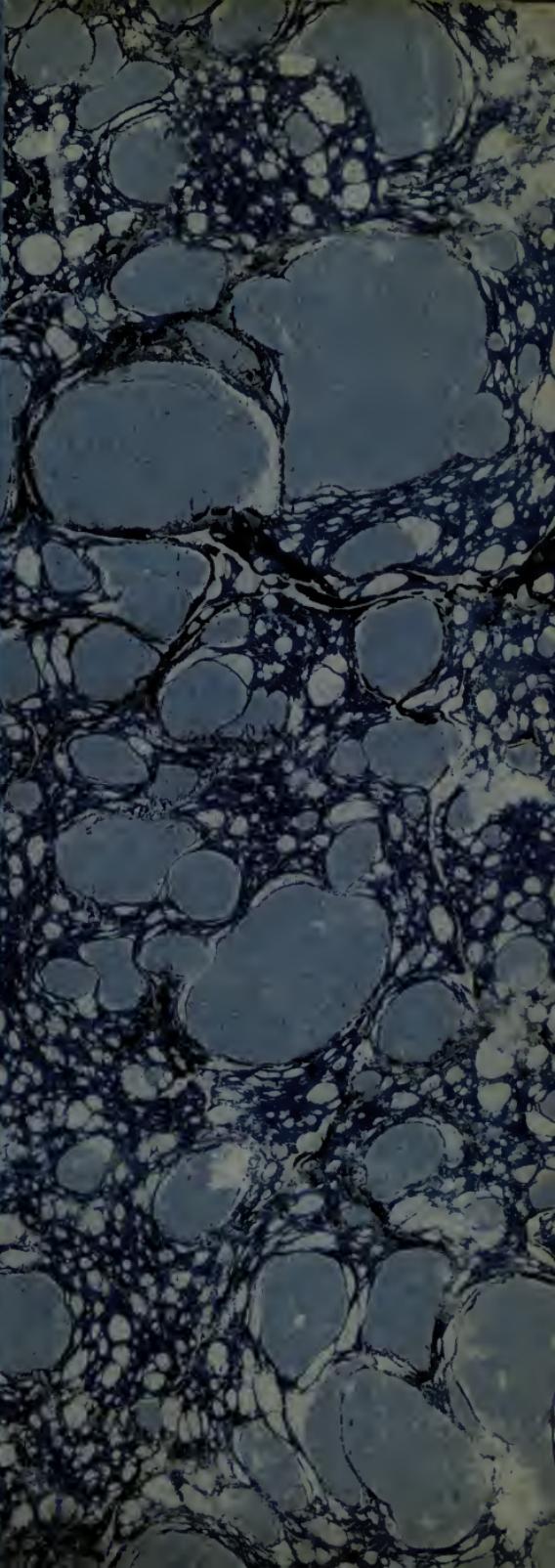


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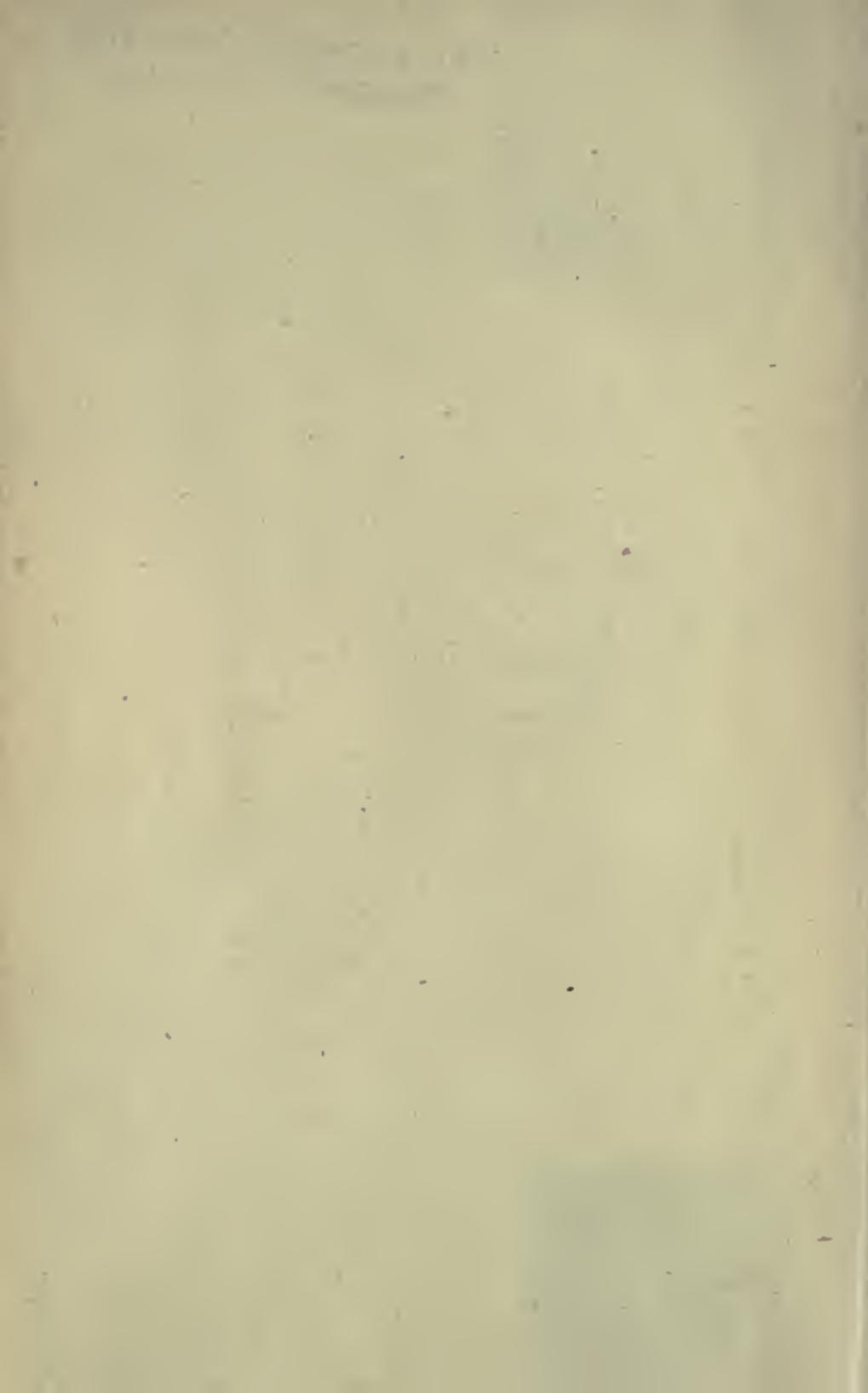
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THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.

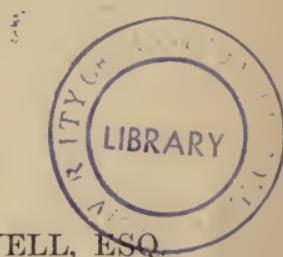
THE
BOKE OF CURTASYE,

An English Poem

OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

—
EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.



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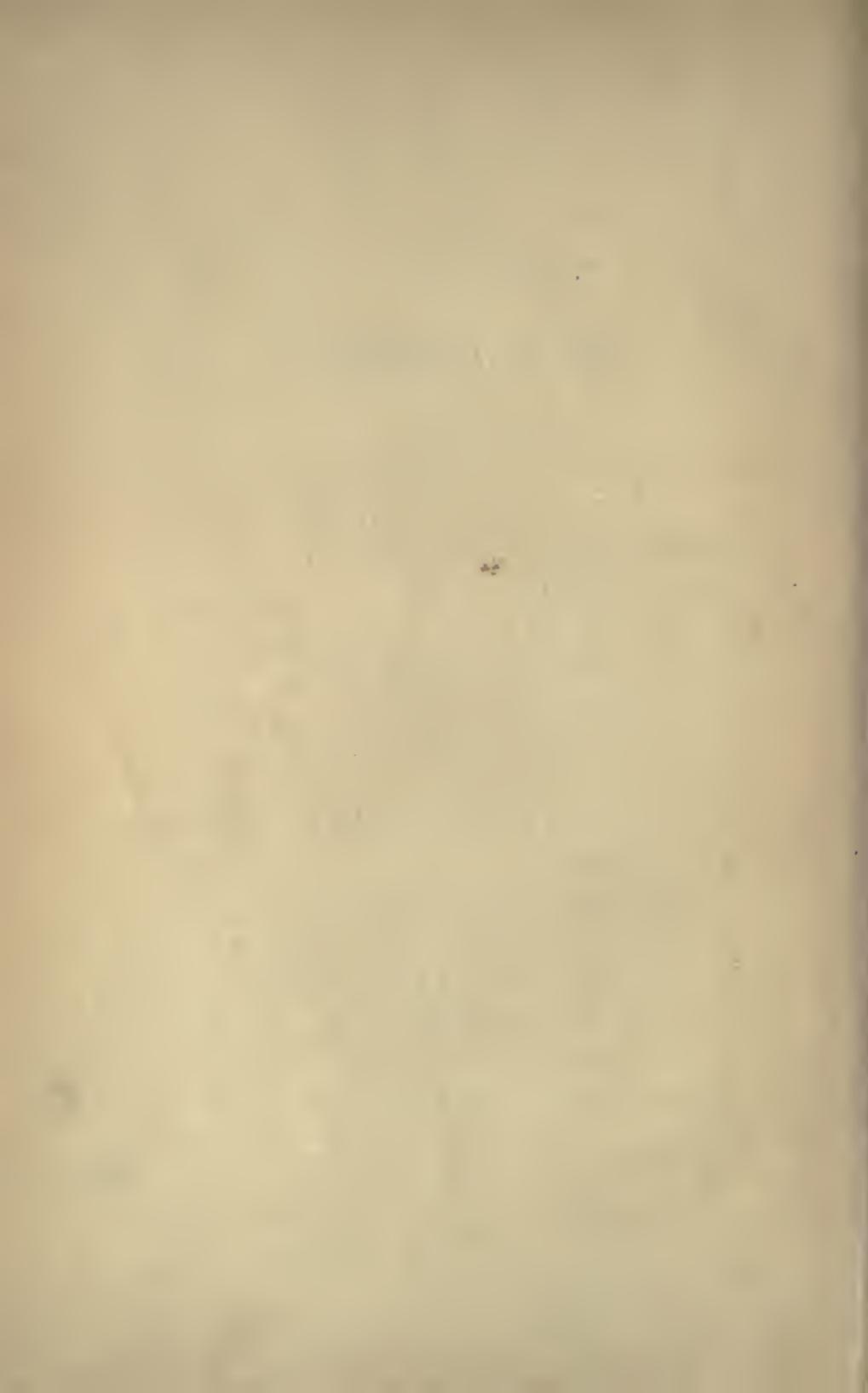
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PREFACE.

THE following poem, which is now for the first time printed, from MS. Sloane 1986 (a small manuscript on vellum, of the fourteenth century), is perhaps one of the most singular relics of the kind that could have been placed before the notice of the antiquarian reader. In style of composition it is very similar to the curious poem which I printed some time since in my “Early History of Freemasonry in England,”—in fact, so much so, that I am almost inclined to think, on comparing the two together, that they may possibly be the work of one writer. The same language, and in some instances the same phrases, may be distinctly traced.

Immediately following this poem, in the same manuscript, is another, in the same hand, entitled “Liber Cocorum,” a poem on the science of cookery as practised by our ancestors in the fourteenth century. It is curious in its way, and I would suggest to some one who possesses sufficient leisure for the task, that a collection of

early tracts on cookery, including this, would be a curious and even valuable addition to archæological literature. Those who are engaged in researches of this nature, frequently feel a difficulty in ascertaining the precise meaning of early technical terms in the various arts and sciences ; the inconvenience of which would at least be considerably decreased by compilations of the kind just mentioned.

J. O. H.

THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.

HERE BEGYNNETHE THE FIRST BOKE OF
CURTASYE.

Qwoso wylle of curtasy lere,
In this boke he may hit here;
Yf thou be gentylmon, ȝomon, or knave,
The nedis nurture for to have.
Whenne thou comes to a lordis ȝate, 5
The porter thou shalle fynde therate;
Take hym thou shalt thy wepyn tho,
And aske hym leve in to go,
To speke with lorde, lady, squyer, or grome,
Ther to the nedys to take the tome; 10
ffor yf he be of logh degré,
Than hym falles to come to the;
Yf he be gentylmon of kynne,
The porter wille lede the to hym.

When thou come tho halle dor to,
Do of thy hode, thy gloves also;
Yf tho halle be at the furst mete,
This lessoun loke thou noȝt forȝete,
The stuard, countroller, and tresurere,
Sittand at de deshe, thou haylse in fere. 20
Within the halle sett on ayther side,
Sitten other gentylmen as falle that tyde;
Enclyne the fayre to hom also,
ffirst to the ryȝht honde thou shalle go,
Sithen to the left hond thy negh thou cast,
To hom thou bogh withouten wrast; 25
Take hede to ȝomon on thy ryght honde,
And sithen byfore the screne thou stonde,
In myddys the halle opon the flore,
Whille marshalle or ussher come fro the dore, 30
And bydde the sitte or to borde the lede.
Be stabulle of chere for menske, y rede;
Yf he the sette at gentilmalles borde,
Loke thou be hynde and lytulle of worde.
Pare thy brede and kerne in two, 35
Tho over crust tho nether fro;
In fowre thou kutt tho over dole,
Sett hom togedur as hit where hole;
Sithen kutt tho nether crust in thre,
And turne hit downe, lerne this at me. 40
And lay thy trenchour the before,
And sitt upryȝht for any sorc.
Spare brede or wyne, drynke or ale,
To thy messe of kochyne be sett in sale;

Lest men sayne thou art honge betene,
Or ellis a gloten that alle men wytene.
Loke thy naylys ben clene in blythe,
Lest thy felaghe lothe ther wyth.
Byt not on thy brede and lay hit doun,
That is no curtesye to use in towne;
But breke as myche as thou wylle etc,
The remelant to pore thou shalle lete.
In peese thou etc, and ever eschewe
To flyte at borde, that may the rewe;
If thou make mawes on any wyse,
A velany thou kacches or ever thou rise.
Let never thy cheke be made to grete,
With morselle of brede that thou shalle etc;
An apys mow men sayne he makes,
That brede and fleshe in hys cheke bakes.
Yf any manne speke that tyme to the,
And thou schalle onsware, hit wille not be,
But waloande and abyde thou most,
That is a schame for alle the host.
On bothe halfe thy mouthe, yf that thou etc,
Mony a skorne shalle thou gete.
Thou shalle not lauȝhe ne speke no thyng,
Whille thi mouthe be fulle of mete or drynke ;
Ne suppe not with grete sowndyng,
Nother potage ne other thyng.
Let not thi spone stond in thy dysche,
Whether thou be served with fleshe or fische ;
Ne lay hit not on thy dishe syde,
But clense hit honestly withouten pride.

Loke no browyng on thy fynger pore, 75
 Befoule the clothe the before.
 In thi dysche yf thou wete thy brede,
 Loke therof that noȝt be lede,
 To cast agayne thy dysche into,
 Thou art unhynde yf thou do so. 80
 Drye thy mouthe ay wele and fynde,
 When thou shalle drynke other ale or wyne.
 Ne calle thou noȝt a dysche aȝayne,
 That ys take fro the borde in playne;
 ȝif thou spit on the borde or elle opone, 85
 Thou shalle be holden an uncurtayse mon;
 Yy thy nowne dogge thou scrape or clawe,
 That is holden a vyse emong men knawe;
 Yf thy nose thou clense, as may befalle,
 Loke thy honde thou clense wythalle, 90
 Prively with skyrt do hit away,
 Or ellis thurgh thi tepet that is so gay.
 Clense not thi tethe at mete sittande,
 With knyfe ne stre, styk ne wande.
 While thou holdes mete in mouthe, be war 95
 To drynke, that is anhonest char,
 And also fysike forbedes hit,
 And sais thou may be choket at that byt;
 Yf hit go thy wrang throte into,
 And stappe thy wynde, thou art fordo. 100
 Ne telle thou never at borde no tale,
 To harme or shame thy felawe in sale;
 ffor if he then witholde his methe,
 Eftsone he wylle forcast thi deth.

Whereso thou sitt at mete in borde, 105
 Avoide the cat at on bare worde,
 ffor yf thou stroke cat other dogge,
 Thou art lyke an ape teyzed with a clogge.
 Also eschewe, withouten stryfe,
 To foule the borde-clothe with thy knyfe ; 110
 Ne blow not on thy drynke ne mete,
 Nether for colde, nether for hete;
 With mete ne bere thy knyfe to mowthe,
 Whether thou be sett be strong or couthe;
 Ne with tho borde do the thi tethe thou wype, 115
 Ne thy nyen that rennen rede as may betyde.
 Yf thou sitt by a ryȝht good manne,
 This lessoun loke thou thenke apone.
 Undur his theȝgh thy kne not pit,
 Thou ar fulle lewed, yf thou dose hit; 120
 Ne bacwarde sittande gyf noȝt thy cupe,
 Nother to drynke, nother to suppe.
 Bidde thi frende take cuppe and drynke,
 That is holden an honest thyng.
 Lene not on elbowe at thy mete, 125
 Nother for colde ne for hete;
 Dip not thi thombe thy drynke into,
 Thou art uncurtayse yf thou hit do;
 In salt-saler yf that thou pit,
 Other fisshe or flesshe that men may wyt, 130
 That is a vyce as men me telles,
 And gret wonder hit most be elles.
 After mete when thou shalt wasshe,
 Spitt not in basyn ne water thou dasshe;

Ne spit not lorely for no kyn mede,
Before no mon of God for drede.

135

Whosoever despise this lessoun ryȝt,
At borde to sitt he hase no myȝt;
Here endys now our fyrst talkyng,
Crist graunt us alle his dere blesyng !

140

HERE ENDITHE THE [FIRST] BOKE OF CURTASYE.

THE SECONDE BOKE.

YFF that thou be a ȝong enfaunt,
And thenke tho seoles for to haunt,
This lessoun schulle thy maister the merke,
Cros Crist the spede in alle thi werke;
Sytthen thy *Pater Noster* he wille the teche, 145
As Cristes owne postles con preche;
After thy *Ave Maria* and thi *Crede*,
That shalle the save at dome of drede;
Thenne aftur to blesse the with the Trinité,
In nomine Patris teche he wille the; 150
Then with Marke, Mathew, Luke, and Jon,
With the *pro cruce* and the hegh name;
To shryve the in general thou schalle lere,
Thy *confiteor* and *misereatur* in fere;
To seche the kyngdam of God, my chylde, 155
Thereto y rede thou be not wylde.
Therfore worschip God, bothe olde and ȝong,
To be in body and soule y-liche strong.
When thou comes to the churche dore,
Take the haly water stondand on flore ; 160
Rede or synge or byd prayeris
To Crist, for alle thy Crysten ferys ;

Be curtayse to God, and knele doun
On bothe knees with grete devocioun.
To mon thou shalle knele opon the toun, 165
The tother to thyself thou halde alone.
When thou ministers at the hegh autere,
With bothe hondes thou serve tho prest in fere,
The ton to stabulle, the tother
Lest thou fayle, my dere brother. 170
Another curtasye y wylle the teche,
Thy fadur and modur, with mylde speche,
Thou worschip and serve with alle thy myȝt,
That thou dwelle the lengur in erthely lyȝt.
To another man do no more amys, 175
Then thou woldys be done of hym and hys,
So Crist thou pleses, and gets the love
Of menne and God that syttes above.
Be not to meke, but in mene the holde,
ffor ellis a fole thou wylle be tolde. 180
He that to ryȝtwysnes wylle enclyne,
As holy wryȝt says us wele and fyne,
His sede schalle never go seche nor brede,
Ne suffur of mon no shames dede.
To forgyf thou shalle the hast, 185
To venjaunce loke thou come on last;
Draw the to pese with alle thy strengthe,
ffro stryf and bate draw the on lengthe.
Yf mon aske the good for Goddys sake,
And the wont thyng wherof to take, 190
Gyf hym bone wordys on fayre manere,
With glad semblaint and pure good cher.

Also of service thou shalle be fre
 To every mon in hys degré.
 Thou schalle never lose for to be kynde, 195
 That on forȝets another hase in mynde.
 Yf any man have part with the in gyft,
 With hym thou make an even skyft ;
 Let hit not henge in honde for glose,
 Thou art uncurtayse yf thou hyt dose. 200
 To sayntes yf thou thy gate hase hyȝt,
 Thou schalle fulfylle hit with alle thy myȝt,
 Lest God the stryk with grete venjaunce,
 And pyt the into sore penaunce.
 Leve not alle men that speke the fayre, 205
 Whether that hit ben comyns, burges, or mayr;
 In swete wordis the nedder was closet,
 Disseyvaunt ever and mysloset ;
 Therfore thou art of Adams blode,
 With wordis be ware, but thou be wode : 210
 A short worde is comynly sothe,
 That first slydes fro monnes tothe.
 Loke lyȝer never that thou become,
 Kepe thys worde for alle and somme.
 Lawȝe not to of[t] for no solace, 215
 ffor no kyn myrth that any man mase ;
 Who lawes alle that men may se,
 A schrew or a fole hym semes to be.
 Thre enmys in thys world ther are,
 That coveytene alle men to for-fare,— 220
 The devel, the flesshe, the worlde also,
 That wyrken mankynde ful mykyl wo :

Yf thou may strye these thre enmys,
 Thou may be secur of hevene blys.
 Also, my chylde, agaynes thy lorde 225
 Loke thou stryfe with no kyn worde,
 Ne wajour non with hym thou lay,
 Ne at the dycses with him to play.
 Hym that thou knawes of gretter state,
 Be not hys felaw in rest ne bate. 230
 ȝif thou be stad in strange contré,
 Enserche no fyr then falle to the,
 Ne take no more to do on honde,
 Then thou may hafe menske of alle in londe.
 ȝif thou se any mon fal by strete, 235
 Lawegh not therat in drye ne wete,
 But helpe hym up with all thy myȝt,
 As Seynt Ambrose the teches ryȝt:
 Thou that stondys so sure on sete,
 Ware lest thy hede falle to thy fete. 240
 My chylde, yf thou stonde at tho masse,
 Ac undurstondis bothe more and lasse,
 Yf tho prest rede not at thy wylle,
 Repreve hym noȝt, but holde the stylle.
 To any wyȝt thy counselle yf thou schewe, 245
 Be war that he be not a schrewe,
 Lest he disclaundyr the with tong,
 Amonge alle men, bothe olde and ȝong.
 Bekenyng fynguryng non thou use,
 And pryyé rownyng loke thou refuse. 250
 Yf thou mete knyȝt, ȝomon, or knave,
 Halys hym anon, “ Syre, God ȝou save.”

THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.



Yf he speke fyrrst opon the pore,
Onsware hym gladly withouten more.
Go not forthe as a dombe freke,
Syn God has left the tonge to speke ;
Lest menne sey be sibbe or couthe,
ȝond is a mon withouten mouthe.

255

Speke never unhoneſtly of woman kynde,
Ne let hit never renne in thy mynde;
The boke hym calle a chorle of chere,
That vylany spekes be wemen sere:
ffor alle we ben of wymmen borne,
And oure fadurs us beforne ;

260

Therfor hit is a unhoneſt thyng
To speke of hem in any hething.
Also a wyfe be falle of ryȝt,

265

To worschyp hyr husbonde bothe day and nyȝt,
To his byddyng be obediente,
And hym to serve withouten offence.

270

Yf two brether be at debate,
Loke nother thou forther in hor hate,
But helpe to staunche hom of malice,
Then thou art frende to bothe i-wys.

ȝif thou go with another at tho gate,
And ȝe be bothe of on astate,
Be curtasye and let hym have the way,
That is no vylanye, as men me say;
And he be comen of gret kynraden,
Go no before thawgh thou be beden ;
And yf that he thy maystur be,
Go not before, for curtasé,

275

280

Nother in fylde, wode, nother launde,
Ne even hym with, but he commaunde.
Yf thou schalle on pilgrimage go, 285
Be not the thryd felaw for wele ne wo ;
Thre oxen in plowgh may never wel drawe,
Nother be craft, ryȝt, ne lawe.
ȝif thou be profert to drynk of cup,
Drynke not al of, ne no way sup ; 290
Drynk menskely and gyf agayne,
That is a curtasye, to speke in playne.
In bedde yf thou falle herberet to be,
With felawe, maystur, or her degré,
Thou shalt enquere be curtasye 295
In what part of the bedde he wylle lye ;
Be honest and lye thou fer hym fro,
Thou art not wyse but thou do so.
With woso menie, bothe fer and negh,
The falle to go, loke thou be slegh 300
To aske his nome and qweche he be,
Whidur he will kepe welle thes thre.
With freres on pilgrimage yf that thou go,
That thei will ȝyme wilne thou also,
Als on nyȝt thou take thy rest, 305
And byde the day as tru mannes gest.
In no kyn house that rede-mon is,
Ne womon of tho same colour y-wys,
Take never thy innes for no kyn nede,
ffor those be folke that ar to drede. 310
Yf any thurgh sturnes the oppose,
Onswere hym mekely and make hym glose,

But glosand wordys that falsoed is,
fforsake and alle that is omys.

Also yf thou have a lorde, 315
And stondes byfore hym at the borde,
While that thou speke kepe well thy honde,
Thy fete also in pece let stonde;
His curtasé nede he most breke,
Stirraunt fyngurs too when he shall speke. 320
Be stabulle of chere and sumwhat lyȝt,
Ne over alle wayne thou not thy syȝt.
Gase not on walles with thy negh,
ffyr ne negh, logh ne hegh;
Let not the post becum thy staf, 325
Lest thou be callet a dotet daf;
Ne delf thou never nose thyrle
With thombe ne fyngur, as ȝong gyrtle;
Rob not thy arme ne noȝt hit claw,
Ne bogh not done thy hede to law; 330
Whil any man spekes with grete besenes,
Herken his wordis withouten distresse.
By strete or way yf thou shalle go,
ffro thes two thynges thou kepe the fro,—
Nother to harme chylde ne best, 335
With castyng, turnyng west ne est;
Ne chaunge thou not in face coloure,
ffor lyghtnes of worde in halle ne boure;
Yf thy vysage chaunge for noȝt,
Men say the trespass thou hase wroȝght. 340
Byfore thy lorde ne mawes thou make,
ȝif thou wyll curtasie with the take.

With hondes unwasshen take never thy mete,
ffro alle thes vices loke thou the kepe.

Loke thou sytt and make no stryf, 345

Where tho est commaundys or ellis tho wyf.

Eschewe the heȝest place with wyn,

But thou be beden to sitt therin.

Of curtasie here endis the secunde fyt,

To heven Crist mot oure saules flyt ! 350

THE THIRD BOKE.

DE OFFICIARIIS IN CURIIS DOMORUM.

Now speke we wylle of officiers
Of court, and als of her mestiers.
ffoure men ther be that ȝerdis schall bere,
Porter, marshalle, stuarde, usshere;
The porter schalle have the lengest wande, 355
The marshalle a shorter schalle have in hande;
The ussher of chamber smallest schalle have,
The stuarde in honde schalle have a stafe,
A fyngur gret, two wharters long,
To reule the menne of court ymong. 360

DE JANITORE.

THE porter falle to kepe tho ȝate,
The stokkes with hym erly and late;
ȝif any manne hase in court mysgayne,
To porter-warde he schall be tane,
Ther to abyde the lordes wylle, 365
What he wille deme by ryȝtwys skylle.
ffor wesselle clothes, that noȝt be solde,
The porter hase that warde in holde.

Of strangers also that comen to court,
 Tho porter schall warne ther at a worde. 370
 Lyveray he hase of mete and drynke,
 And setts with hym whoso hym thynke.
 When so ever tho lorde remewe schalle
 To castell til other as hit may falle,
 ffor cariage the porter hors schall hyre,
 ffoure pens a pece within tho schyre; 375
 Be statut he schalle take that on the day,
 That is the kynges crye in faye.

DE MARESCALLO AULÆ.

Now of marschalle of halle wylle I spelle,
 And what falle to hys offyce now wylle y telle; 380
 In absence of stuarde he shalle arest
 Whosoever is rebelle in court or fest ;
 ȝomon, usshere, and grome also,
 Undur hym ar thes two:
 Tho grome for fuelle that schalle brenne 385
 In halle, chambur, to kechyn, as I the kenne,
 He shalle delyver hit ilke a dele,
 In halle make fyre at yche a mele ;
 Borde, trestuls, and formes also,
 The cupborde in his warde schalle go, 390
 The dosurs cortines to henge in halle,
 Thes officess nede do he schalle ;
 Bryng in fyre on Alhalawgh day,
 To Candulmas even, I dar welle say.

PER QUANTUM TEMPUS ARMIGERI HABENT
LIBERATAM ET IGNIS ARDEBIT IN AULA.

So longe squiers lyverés shalle hafe, 395
 Of grome of halle or ellis his knafe ;
 But fyre shalle brenne in halle at mete,
 To *cena Domini* that men hase ete ;
 Ther browȝt schalle be a holyn kene,
 That sett schalle be in erber grene, 400
 And that schalle be to Alhalawgh day,
 And of be skyfted, as y the say.
 In halle marshalle alle men schalle sett
 After here degré, withouten lett.

DE PINCERNARIO, PANETARIO, ET COCIS SIBI
SERVENTIBUS.

THE botelar, pantrer, and cokes also, 405
 To hym ar servauntes withouten mo ;
 Therfore on his ȝerde skore schalle he
 Alle messys in halle that servet be,
 Commaunde to sett bothe brede and ale
 To alle men that servet ben in sale ;
 To gentilmen with wyne i-bake, 410
 Ellis fayles tho service, y undertake ;
 Iche messe at vjd. brene shalle be,
 At the countyng house with other mené ;
 Yf tho koke wolde say that were more, 415
 That is tho cause that he hase hit in skore.

The panter also yf he wolde stryfe,
ffor rewarde that sett schalle be be-lyve.
Whenne brede faylys at borde aboute,
The marshalle gares sett withouten doute 420
More brede, that calde is a rewarde,
So shalle hit be prevet before stuarde.

DE OFFICIO PINCERNARII.

BOTLER shalle sett for yche a messe
A pot, a lofe, withouten distresse;
Botler, pantrer, felawes ar ay, 425
Reken hom togedur fulle wel y may.
The marshalle shalle herber alle men in fere,
That ben of court of any mestere ;
Save the lordys chambur, tho wadrop to,
Tho ussher of chambur schalle tent tho two. 430

DE HOSTIARIO ET SUIS SERVIENTIBUS.

SPEKE I wylle a lytulle qwyle
Of ussher of chambur, withouten gyle.
This gentylmen, ȝomon, ussher also,
Two gromes at tho lest, a page thereto.

DE OFFICIO GARCIONUM.

GROMES palettes shyn fyle and make litere, 435
 ix. fote on lengthe without diswere ;
 viij. fote y-wys hit shalle be brode,
 Wele watered, i-wrythen, be craft y-trode.
 Wyspes drawen out at fete and syde,
 Wele wrethyn and turnyd azayne that tyde. 440
 On legh unsonken hit shalle be made,
 To tho gurdyl-stode hegh on lengthe and brade ;
 ffor lordys two beddys schalle be made,
 Bothe utter and inner, so God me glade !
 That henget shalle be with hole sylour, 445
 With crochlettes and louppys sett on lyour ;
 Tho valance on fylour shalle henge with wyn,
 iiij. curteyns streȝt drawen withinne,
 That reche schalle even to grounde aboute,
 Nother more, nother lesse, withouten doute ; 450
 He strykes hom up with forket wande,
 And lappes up fast aboute the lyft hande.
 Tho knop up turnes and closes on ryȝt,
 As bolde by nek that henges fulle lyȝt.
 Tho counturpynt he lays on beddys fete, 455
 Qwysshenes on sydes shyn lye fulle mete.
 Tapetes of Spayne on flore by syde,
 That sprad shyn be for pompe and pryde ;
 Tho chambur sydes ryȝt to tho dore,
 He henges with tapetes that ben fulle store ; 460
 And fuel to chymné hym falle to gete,
 And streves in clof to y-save tho hete.

ffro tho lorde at mete when he is sett,
 Borde, trestuls, and fourmes, withouten let;
 Alle thes thynges kepe schalle he, 465
 And water in chafer for laydyes fre;
 iij. perchers of wax then shalle he fet,
 Above tho chymné yt be sett,
 In syce ichone from other shalle be
 The lengthe of other that men may se, 470
 To brenne, to voide, that dronkyn is,
 Other ellis I wote he dose amys.
 Tho ussher alleway shalle sitt at dore
 At mete, and walke schalle on the flore,
 To se that alle be servet on ryȝt, 475
 That is his office be day and nyȝt;
 And byd set borde when tyme schalle be,
 And take hom up when tyme ses he.
 The wardrop he herbers and eke of chambur
 Ladyes with bedys of coralle and lambur, 480
 Tho usshere schalle bydde tho wardropere
 Make redy for alle nyȝt before the fere;
 Then brynges he forthe nyȝt-gone also,
 And spredys a tapet and qwysshens two,
 He layes hom then opon a fourme, 485
 And foteshete theron and hit returne.
 Tho lorde schalle skyft hys gowne at nyȝt,
 Syttand on foteshete tyl he be dyȝt.
 Then ussher gose to tho botré,
 "Have in for alle nyȝt, syr," says he ; 490
 ffyrst to the chaundeler he schalle go,
 To take a tortes lyȝt hym fro;

Bothe wyne and ale he tase indede,
 Tho botler says, withouten drede,
 No mete for mon schalle sayed be, 495
 Bot for kynge or prynce or duke so fre;
 ffor heiers of paraunce also y-wys,
 Mete shalle be sayed, now thenkys on this.
 Then to pantré he hyȝes be-lyve,
 “ Syrs, have in withouten stryffe;” 500
 Manchet and chet bred he shalle take,
 Tho pantere assayes that hit be bake;
 A morter of wax ȝet wille he bryng,
 ffro chambur, syr, without lesyng;
 That alle nyȝt brennes in bassyn clere, 505
 To save tho chambur on nyȝt for fyre.
 Then ȝomon of chambur shynne voyde with ryme,
 The torches han holden wele that tyme;
 Tho chambur dore stekes tho vssher thenne,
 With priket and tortes that conne brenne; 510
 ffro cupborde he brynges bothe brede and wyne,
 And fyrst assayes hit wele a fyne.
 But fyrst the lorde shalle vasshe i-wys,
 ffro tho fyr hous when he comen is;
 Then kneles the ussher and gyfes hym drynke, 515
 Brynges hym in bed where he shalle wynke;
 In strong styd on palet he lay,
 At home tase lefe and gose his way;
 ȝomon ussher before the dore,
 In utter chambur lies on the flore. 520

DE SENESCHALLO.

Now speke I wylle of tho stuardes als,
ffew ar trew, but fele ar fals.
Tho clerke of kechyn countrollour,
Stuardes, coke, and surveyour,
Assenten in counselle, withouten skorne, 525
How tho lorde schalle fare at mete tho morne;
Yf any deyntethe in countré be,
Tho stuardes shewes hit to tho lorde so fre,
And gares by hyt for any cost,
Hit were grete syn and hit were lost. 530
Byfore the cours tho stuardes comes then,
The server hit next of alle kyn men
Mays way and stondes by syde,
Tyl alle be served at that tyde.
At countyng stuardes schalle ben, 535
Tylle alle be brevet of wax so grene,
Wrytten into bokes, without let,
That before in tabuls hase ben sett,
Tyl countes also theron ben cast,
And somet up holy at tho last. 540

DE CONTRAROTULATORE.

Tho countrollour shalle wryte to hym,
Taunt resten, no more I myn;
And taunt dispendu that same day,
Uncountabulle he is, as y ȝou say.

DE SUPERVISORE

SURVEOUR and stuarder also, 545
 Thes thre folke and no mo,
 ffor noȝt resayne, bot ever sene
 That nothyng fayle and alle be whene;
 That tho clerke of kechyn schulde not mys,
 Therfore tho countrollour, as hafe I blys, 550
 Wrytes up tho somme as every day,
 And helpes to count, as I ȝou say.

DE CLERICO COQUINÆ.

THE clerke of the cochyne shalle alle thyng breve,
 Of men of court, bothe lothe and leve,
 Of achater and dispenses then wrytes he, 555
 And wages for gromes and ȝemen fre;
 At dressour also he shalle stonde,
 And fett forthe mete dresset with honde;
 The spicery and store with hym shalle dwelle,
 And mony thynges als, as I noȝt telle; 560
 ffor clethyng of officers alle in fere,
 Save the lorde hymself and ladys dere.

DE CANCELLARIO.

THE chaunceler answeres for hor clothynge,
 ffor ȝomen, faukeners, and hor horsyng;
 ffor his wardrop and wages also, 565
 And asseles patentes mony and mo;

Yf tho lorde gyf oȝt to terme of lyf,
 The chaunceler hit seles withouten stryf;
Tancome nos plerra men seyne, that is *quando nos placet*,
 That is whille us lykes hym noȝt omys, 570
 Overse hys londes that alle be ryȝt
 On of tho grete he is of myȝt.

DE THESAURIZARIO

Now speke y wylle of tresurer,
 Husbonde and houswyf he is in fer;
 Of the resayver he shalle resayne, 575
 Alle that is gedurt of baylé and grayne;
 Of the lordes courtes and forfetes als,
 Whether thay ben ryȝt or thay ben fals;
 To tho clerke of cochen he payes moné,
 For vetayle to bye opon tho countré. 580
 The clerke to kater and pulter is,
 To baker and butler bothe y-wys;
 Gyffys selver to bye in alle thyng
 That longes to here office, withouten lesyng;
 The tresurer schalle gyfe alkyn wage, 585
 To squyer, ȝomon, grome, or page;
 Tho resayver and tho tresurer,
 Tho clerke of cochyn and chaunceler,
 Graynis, and baylys, and parker,
 Echone come to acountes every ȝere 590
 Byfore tho auditour of tho lorde onone,
 That shulde be trew as any stone;
 Yf he dose hom no ryȝt lele,
 To a baron of chekker thay mun hit pele.

DE RECEPTORE FIRMARUM.

OF the resayver speke wylle I, 595
 That fermys resayvys wytturly;
 Of graynys and honi aquetons makes,
 Sex-pons therfore to feys he takes,
 And pays feys to parkers als i-wys,
 Therof at acountes he loved is. 600
 And overseys castels, maners aboute,
 That noȝt falle within ne withoute.
 Now let we thes officers be,
 And telle we wylle of smaller mené.

DE AVENARIO.

THE aveyner schalle ordeyn provande good won, 605
 ffor tho lordys horsis everychon ;
 Thay schyn have two cast of hay,
 A pek of provande on a day;
 Every horse schalle so muche have,
 At racke and manger that standes with stave. 610
 A maystur of horsys a squyer ther is,
 Aveyner and ferour undur hym i-wys;
 Those ȝomen that olde sadels schyn have,
 That schyn be last for knyȝt and knave,
 ffor yche a hors that ferroure schalle scho, 615
 An halpeny on day he takes hym to;
 Undur ben gromes and pages mony one,
 That ben at wage everychone;

Som at two-pons on a day,
 And som at iij. ob., I ȝou say; 620
 Mony of hem fotemen ther ben,
 That rennen by the brydels of lady's schene.

DE PISTORE.

Of tho baker now speke y wylle,
 And wat longes his office untylle;
 Of a Lunden buschelle he shalle bake 625
 xx. lovys, I undurtake;
 Manchet and chet to make brom bred hard,
 ffor chaundeler and grehoundes and hentes reward.

DE VENATORE ET SUIS CANIBUS.

A HALPENY tho hunte takes on the day
 ffor every hounde, tho sothe to say; 630
 Tho vewter two cast of brede he tase,
 Two lesshe of grehoundes, yf that he hase;
 To yche a bone that is to telle,
 If I to ȝou the sothe shalle spelle;
 Bysyde hys vantage that may befalle, 635
 Of skynnes and other thynges withalle,
 That hentes con telle better than I,
 Therfore I leve hit wytt[ur]ly.

DE AQUARIO.

AND speke I wylle of other mystere
 That falles to court, as ȝe mun here; 640

An euwer in halle there nedys to be,
 And chandelew schalle have and alle napere;
 He schalle gef water to gentilmen,
 And als in alle ȝomen.

QUI DENT MANUS LAVARE ET IN QUORUM
DOMIBUS.

In kynges court and dukes also, 645
 Ther ȝomen schynne wasshe and no mo;
 In duke Jonyss house a ȝoman ther was,
 ffor his rewarde prayde suche a grace;
 The duke gete graunt therof in londe,
 Of the kyng his fader, I undudurstonde; (*sic*) 650
 Wosoever gefes water in lordys chamber,
 In presens of lorde or levedé dere,
 He schalle knele downe opone his kne,
 Ellys he forȝetes his curtasé;
 This euwer schalle hele his lordes borde, 655
 With dowbulle napere at on bare worde:
 The selvage to tho lordes side withinne,
 And doune schalle heng that other may wynne;
 Tho over nape schalle dowbulle be layde,
 To tho uttur syde the selvage brade; 660
 Tho over selvage he schalle replye,
 As towelle hit were fayrest in hye;
 Browers he schalle cast theropon,
 That the lorde schulle clense his fyngers [on],
 The levedy and whosever syttes withinne, 665
 Alle browers schynne have bothe more and mynne.

DE PANETARIO.

THENNE comes the pantere with loves thre,
 That square are corvyn of trenchour fre,
 To sett withinne and oon withoute,
 And saller y-coveryd and sett in route; 670
 With tho ovemast lofe hit shalle be sett,
 Withoute forthe square, withouten lett;
 Two kervyng knyfes withoute one,
 The thrydde to tho lorde, and als a spone.

DE CULTELLIS DOMINI.

OF tho two tho haftes schynne outwarde be,
 Of the thrydde the hafte inwarde lays he, 675
 The spony stèle ther by schalle be layde,
 Moo loves of trenchirres at a brayde;
 He settes and servys evyr in fere
 To duches his wyne that is so dere ; 680
 Two loves of trenchors and salt tho,
 He settes before his son also;
 A lofe of trenchours and salt on last,
 At bordes ende he settes in hast;
 Then brede he brynges in towelle wrythyne, 685
 Thre lofys of tho wyte schalle be gevyne;
 A chet lofe to tho elmys dyshe,
 Wether he servyd be with flesshe or fysche;
 At ather ende he castes a cope,
 Layde downe on borde, the endys plyed up. 690

That he assayes knelande on kne,
 Tho kerver hym parys a schyver so fre;
 And touches tho lovys yn quere aboute,
 Tho pantere hit etys withoute dowte;
 Tho euwere thurgh towelle syles clene, 695
 His water into tho bassynges shene;
 Tho over bassyn theron schalle close,
 A towelle theron, as I suppose,
 That folden schalle be with fulle grete lore,
 Two quarters on lenkethe and sumdele more; 700
 A qwyte cuppe of tre therby shalle be,
 Therwith tho water assay schalle he;
 Quelmes hit agayn byfore alle men;
 Tho kerver the bassynges tase up thenne;
 Annaunciande sqyer, or ellis a knyȝt, 705
 Tho towelle downe tase by fulle good ryȝt;
 Tho cuppe he tase in honde also,
 Tho kerver powres wat[er] the cuppe into;
 The knyȝt to tho kerver haldes anon,
 He says hit are he more schalle done; 710
 Tho cuppe then voyde is in tho flette,
 The euwer hit takes withouten lette.
 The towelle two knyȝhtes schyn halde in fere,
 Before the lordes sleves, that ben so dere;
 The over bassyn thay halde never the queder, 715
 Quylle tho kerver powre water into the nedur.
 ffor a pype ther is insyde so clene,
 That water devoydes, of selver schene;
 Then settes he the nethyr, I und[u]rstonde,
 In the over, and voydes with bothe is honde; 720

And brynges to the euwer that he come fro;
 To tho lordys bordes aȝayn con go;
 And layes iiiij. trenchours tho lorde before,
 The fyft above by good lore;
 By hymself thre schalle he dresse, 725
 To cut opon the lordes messe;
 Smale towelle aboute his necke shalle bene,
 To clens his knyfys that ben so kene.

DE ELEMOSINARIO.

THE aumenere by this hathe sayde grace,
 And tho almes dysshe hase sett in place; 730
 Therin the kerver a lofe schalle sette,
 To serve God fyrst withouten lette;
 These other lofes he parys aboute,
 Lays hit myd dysshe withouten doute.
 The smalle lofe he cuttes even in twynne, 735
 Tho over dole in two lays to hym.
 The aumenere a rod schalle have in honde,
 As office for almes, y undurstonde.
 Alle the broken met he kepys y wate,
 To dele to pore men at the ȝate, 740
 And drynde that leves served in halle;
 Of ryche and pore bothe grete and smalle.
 He is sworne to overse the servis wele,
 And dele hit to the pore every dele;
 Selver he deles rydand by way; 745
 And his almays-dysshe, as I ȝou say,
 To the porest man that he can fynde,
 Other ellys I wot he is unkynde.

DE FERCULARIO.

THIS wyle tho squyer to kechyn shalle go,
 And brynges a bof for assay tho; 750
 Tho coke assayes the mete ungr̄yȝt,
 Tho sewer he takes and kovers on ryȝt;
 Wosoever he takes that mete to bere,
 Schalle not so hardy tho coverture rere,
 ffor colde ne hote, I warne ȝou alle, 755
 ffor suspecyone of treson as may befall.
 Yf tho sylver dysshe wylle algate brenne,
 A sotelté I wylle the kenne,
 Take the bredde corvyn and lay bytwene,
 And kepe the welle hit be not sene; 760
 I teche hit for no curtayse,
 But for thyn ese.
 When the sewer comys unto the borde,
 Alle the mete he sayes at on bare worde,
 The potage fyrist with brede y-corvyn, 765
 Coverys hom agayn lest they ben storvyn;
 With fysshe or flessh yf be served,
 A morselle therof shalle he be kervyd;
 And touche the messe over alle aboute,
 The sewer hit etes withouten doute. 770
 With baken mete yf he servyd be tho,
 Tho lydes up-rered or he fyr go,
 The past or pye he sayes withinne,
 Dippes bredde in gravé no more ne mynne;
 ȝif the baken mete be colde, as may byfalle, 775
 A gobet of tho self he sayes withalle.

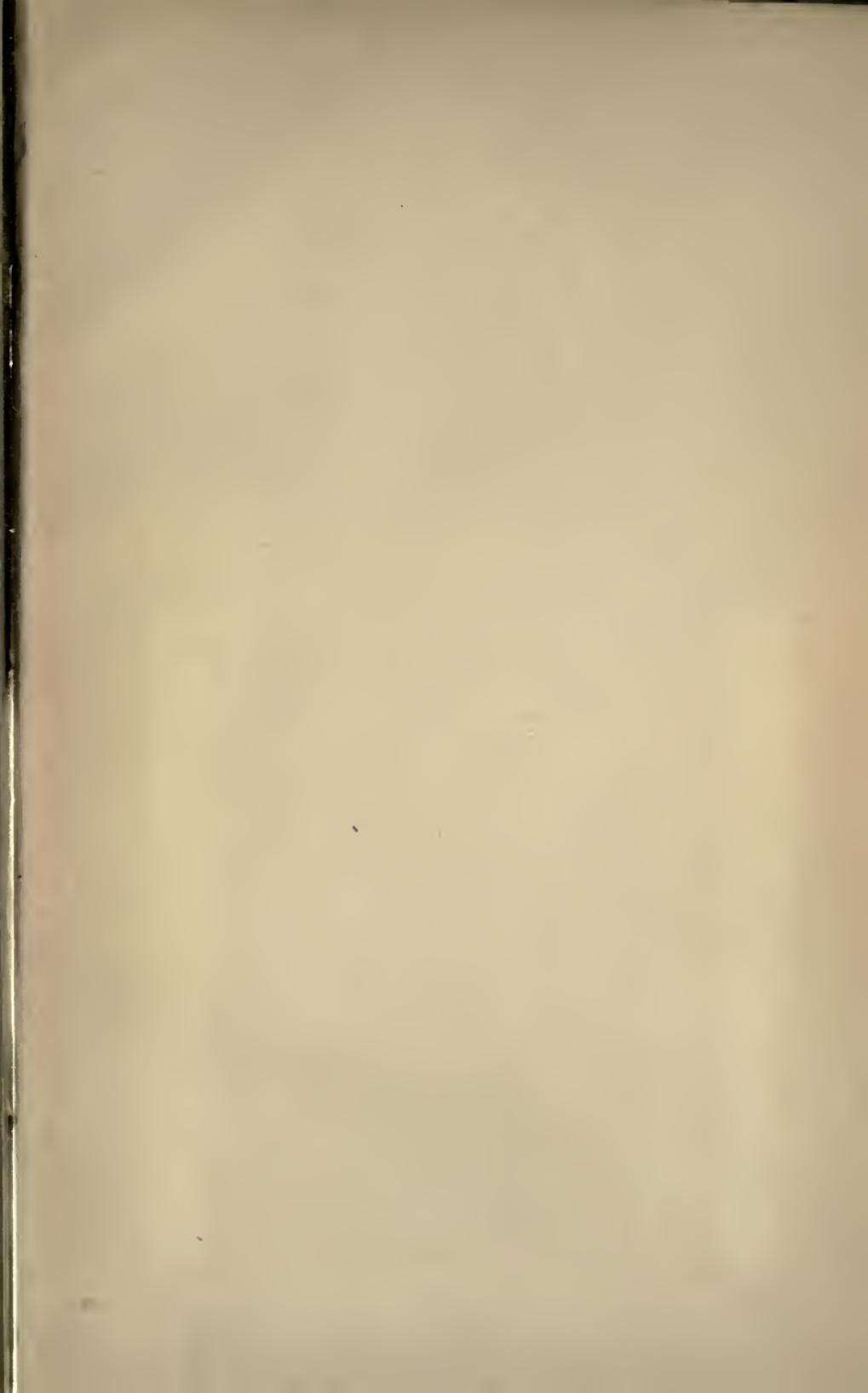
But thou that berys mete in hande,
Yf tho sewer stonde, loke thou stande;
Yf he knele, knele thou so long for oȝt,
Tylle mete be sayde that thou hase broght. 780
As oft at hegh borde yf brede be nede,
The butler two lovys takys indede;
That on settes down, that other agayn
He barys to cupborde in towelle playn.
As oft as the kerver fettys drynke, 785
The butler assayes hit how good hym thynke;
In the lordys cupp that levys undrynen,
Into the almes-disshe hit schalle be sonken.
The kerver anon withouten thouȝt,
Unkovers the cup that he hase brouȝt; 790
Into the couertoure wyn he powres owt,
Or into a spare pece, withouten doute;
Assayes, an gefes tho lorde to drynke,
Or settes hit doun as hym goode thynke.
Tho kerver schalle kerve tho lordes mete, 795
Of what kyn pece that he wylle ete;
And on hys trenchour he hit layes,
On thys maner without displayes;
In almes-dysshe he layes yche dele,
That he is with served at tho mele; 800
But he sende hit to ony strongere,
A pese that is hym leve and dere,
And send hys potage also,
That schalle not to the almes go.
Of kerver more, yf I shulde telle, 805
Another fytt thenne most I spelle,

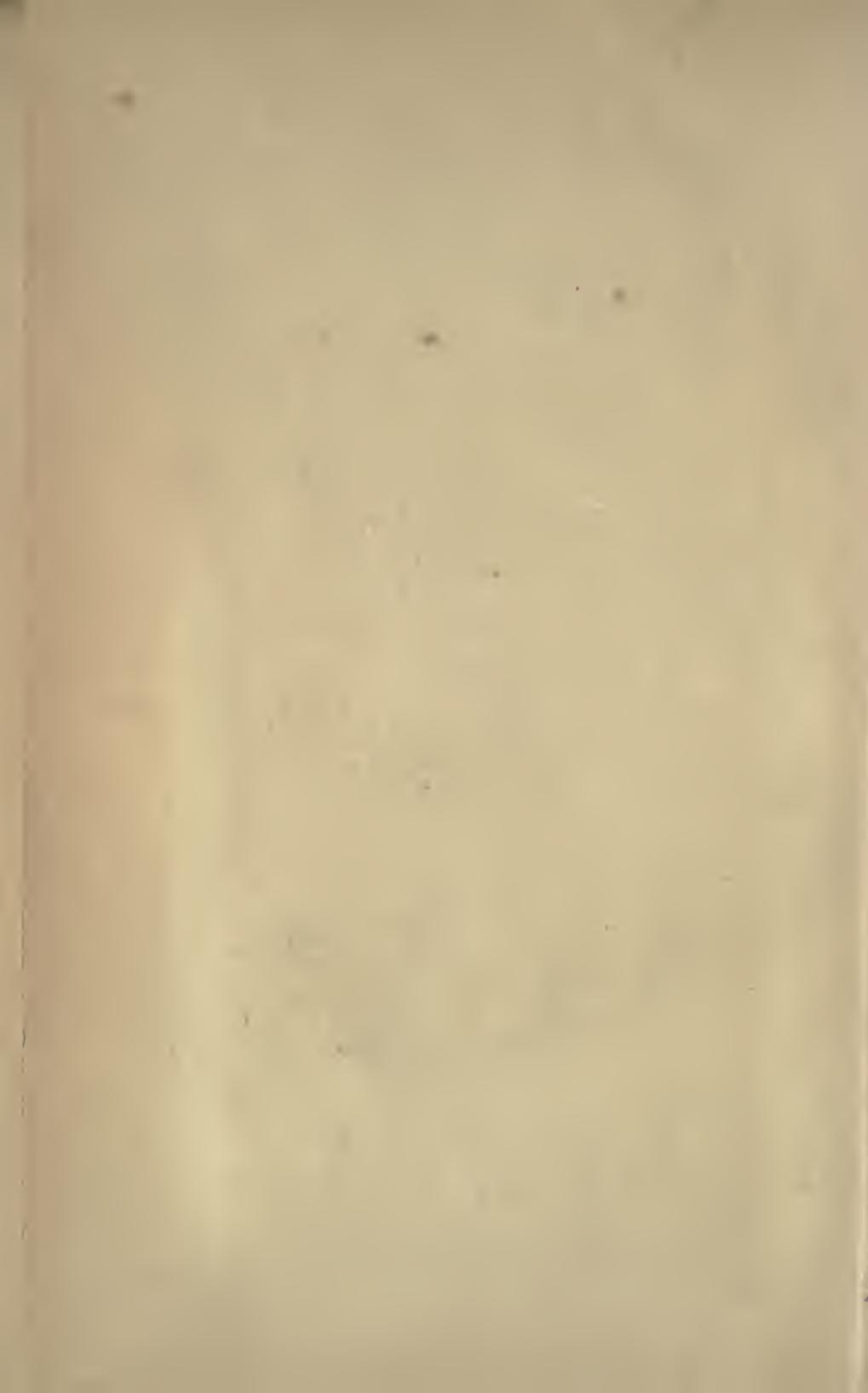
Therfore I let hit here over passe,
 To make oure talkyng summedelasse.
 When the lorde hase eten, tho sewer schalle bryng
 Tho surnape on his schulder ryng, 810
 A narew towelle, a brode besyde,
 And of hys hondes helettes hit slyde;
 The ussher ledes that on hed ryȝt,
 Tho aumener tho other away shalle dyȝt.
 When the ussher comys to the borde ende, 815
 Tho narow towelle he streeches unkende;
 Before tho lorde and the lady so dere,
 Dowbelle he playes tho towelle pere;
 Whenne thay have wasshen and grace is sayde,
 Away he takes at a brayde; 820
 Awoydes tho borde into tho flore,
 Tase away tho trestes that ben so store.

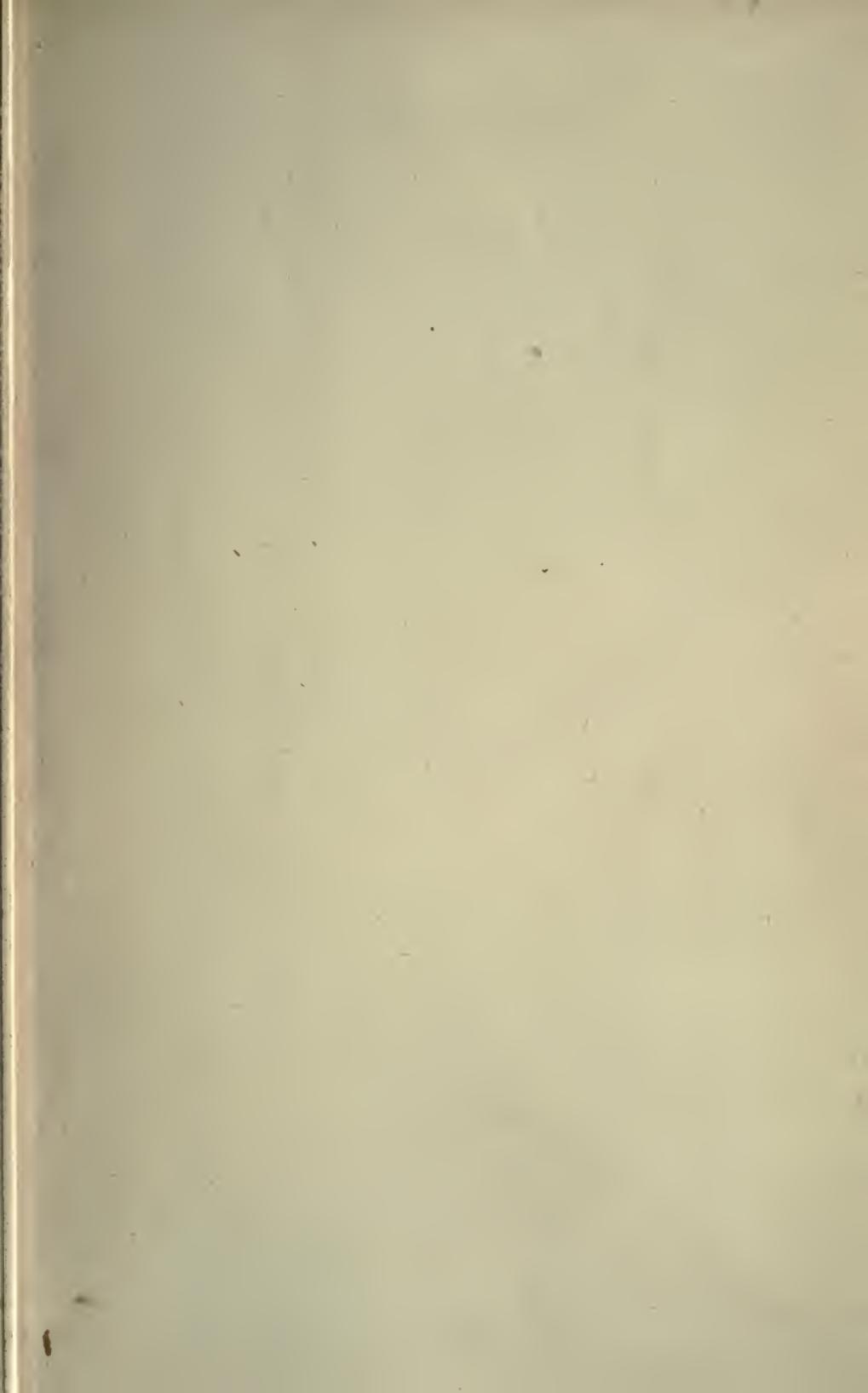
DE CANDELARIO.

Now speke I wylle a lytulle whyle
 Of tho chandeler, withouten gyle,
 That torches and tortes and preketes con make, 825
 Perchours, smale condel, I undertake;
 Of wax these candels alle that brennen,
 And morter of wax that I wele kenne;
 Tho snof of hom dose away
 With close sesours, as I ȝow say; 830
 The sesours ben schort and rownde y-close,
 With plate of irne upon bose;

In chambur no lyȝt ther shalle be brent,
 Bot of wax therto, yf ȝe take tent;
 In halle at soper schalle caldels brenne
 Of Parys, therin that alle men kenne; 835
 Iche messe a candelle fro Alhalawghe day
 To Candelmesse, as I ȝou say;
 Of candel liveray squiyers schalle have,
 So long, if hit is mon wille krave.
 Of brede and ale also the boteler
 Schalle make lyveré thurghout the ȝere
 To squyers, and also wyn to knyȝt,
 Or ellys he dose not his office ryȝt.
 Here endys the thryd speche,— 845
 Of alle oure synnes Cryst be oure leche,
 And bryng us to his vonyng place !
 Amen, sayes ȝe, for hys grete grace !
 Amen, par charité.











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